

52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE WESTERN

MAR.

10¢

NO. 14

IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE PATH
OF DOOM!**

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes,  factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you... and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...
 Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

 Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

 An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

 Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal-lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... well!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!
I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

No. 311 DAISY BB GUN 'N' SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT, Complete ONLY \$7.50

Contains RED RYDER CARBINE, 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE SIGHT MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOPE. No. 311, complete outfit in gigantic carton, only \$7.50.

No. 325 2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT with Convertible PUMP GUN ONLY \$9.95

Shoots Steel BBs or SAFE, new Jumbo Cork Balls. Set contains: PUMP GUN with extra COCK BALL BARREL; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET, CARDS, 350 BULLS EYE BBs; 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE CORK BALLS; 5 KNOCK-DOWN INDOOR TARGETS; GUN & SCOPE MANUAL. No. 325—\$9.95.

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE NEWS ON HOW TO BE A CHAMPION SHOT AND WIN MEDALS!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 1231, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.
I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover mailing—handling cost. Rush me complete details on how to be a champion shooter and win medals.

NAME **NARFSTAR**

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Announcing NEW DAISY GIANT POUCH OF BULLS EYE BB SHOT...THE BEST SHOT TO USE IN

DAISY AIR RIFLES

176 BBs For 5¢

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CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett Jr., President



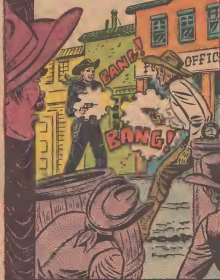
IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST EVIL MEN Banded together to oppose law and order! They murdered government officials and kidnapped innocent bystanders until LASH LARUE, ROVING MARSHAL, APPEARS ON THE SCENE! BUT LASH FINDS THE GOING TOUGH AND WITHOUT THE AID OF A HERO-WORSHIPPING YOUNG BOY, HIS DAYS WOULD HAVE BEEN NUMBERED!

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SUDDENLY, THE
TWO MEN DRAW!



TWO SHOTS RING OUT!



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS---

LASH LARUE
WON!

IT'S A LUCKY THING
FER THE CINDER KID
THAT LASH NEVER
SHOOTS TO KILL!



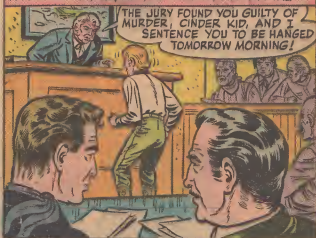
IT'S THE JAILHOUSE FOR YOU NOW, CINDER KID!
AND YOU CAN MAKE THINGS A LOT EASIER FOR
YOURSELF IF YOU'LL TELL ME
THE NAMES OF THE
MEMBERS
OF YOUR
GANG!

I'M NOT
TALKING TO
ANY LAW DOG!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE CINDER KID'S TRIAL---

THE JURY FOUND YOU GUILTY OF
MURDER, CINDER KID, AND I
SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED
TOMORROW MORNING!

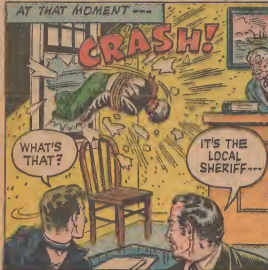


AT THAT MOMENT ---

CRASH!

WHAT'S
THAT?

IT'S THE
LOCAL
SHERIFF---

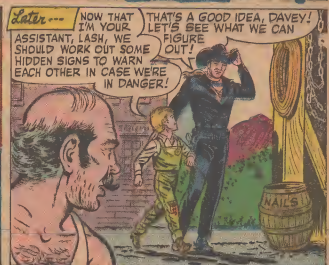
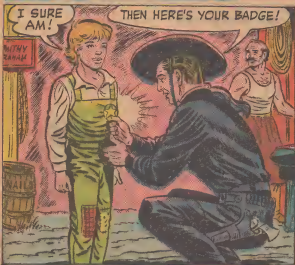


--- AND HE'S
BEEN
KILLED!

WHAT'S THIS NOTE
ATTACHED TO HIM?



FINAL WARNING ---
If the Cinder Kid
hangs, Judge Horner
will pay for it with
his life!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S EACH CARRY A POCKETFUL OF THESE NAILS! THEN IF EITHER OF US GETS CAPTURED, WE CAN LEAVE A TRAIL OF NAILS BEHIND FOR THE OTHER TO FOLLOW!



THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, DAVEY! NOW YOU'D BETTER GO HOME FOR YOUR LUNCH BEFORE YOUR MOTHER GETS ANGRY!

IT'S SURE NICE OF YOU TO SPEND SO MUCH TIME PLAYING WITH MY SON! HE GETS SUCH A KICK OUT OF IT!

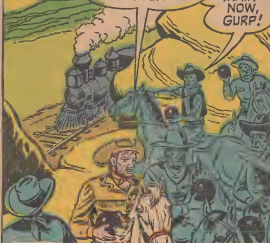


SO DO I!

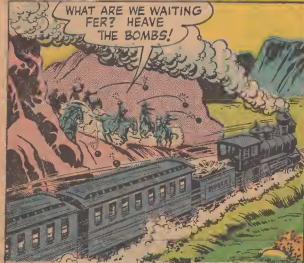
AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE NEARBY HILLS---

THE JUDGE SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO OUR WARNING! HE HUNG THE CINDER KID AND NOW HE'S GOING TO PAY FER IT!

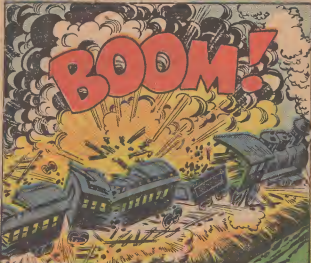
HERE COMES HIS TRAIN NOW, GURP!



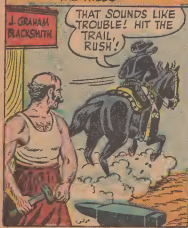
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FER? HEAVE THE BOMBS!



BOOM!



AND, AS THE NOISE OF THE EXPLOSION ECHOES THROUGH THE HILLS---



THAT SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

J. GRAHAM BLACKSMITH

RACING LIKE THE WIND, RUSH REACHES THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER IN NO TIME!

WHAT AN ACCIDENT! EVERYONE ABOARD WAS KILLED!

IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! I JUST FOUND PART OF A BOMB!

A BOMB? THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! THE CINDER KID'S GANG KEPT THEIR WORD! THEY DID KILL JUDGE HORNER!



I WONDER IF THAT MOB IN THE DISTANCE COULD BE THE GANG! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!



SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING US, GURP!

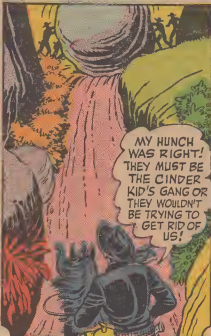
YES! AND IT'S THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE!



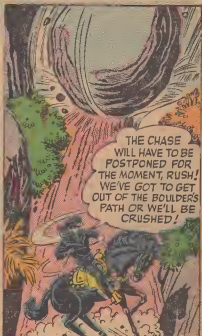
WELL, WE'LL FIX HIM! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS BOULDER!



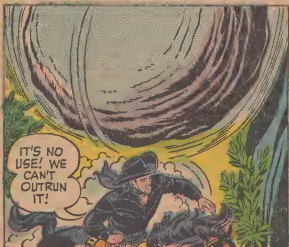
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY MUST BE THE CINDER KID'S GANG OR THEY WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO GET RID OF US!



THE CHASE WILL HAVE TO BE POSTPONED FOR THE MOMENT, RUSH! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE BOULDER'S PATH OR WE'LL BE CRUSHED!



IT'S NO USE! WE CAN'T OUTRUN IT!



Where's Lash and his trusty steed? Have they been crushed by the boulder?



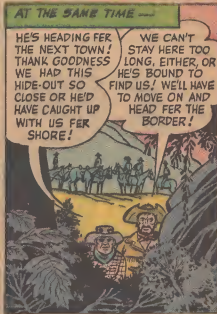


WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! LUCKY FOR US THE TRAIL WIDENED HERE! NOW WE'D BETTER GET AFTER THOSE YARMINTS AGAIN!



BUT THE DELAY HAS GIVEN THE GANG TIME TO GET AWAY!

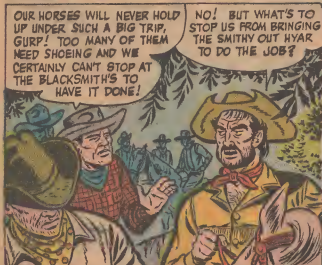
NO SIGN OF THEM! THEY MUST HAVE HEADED FOR THE NEXT TOWN! BUT WE'LL FOLLOW THEM UNTIL WE FIND THEM!



AT THE SAME TIME —

HE'S HEADING FER THE NEXT TOWN! THANK GOODNESS WE HAD THIS HIDE-OUT SO CLOSE OR HE'D HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US FER SHORE!

WE CAN'T STAY HERE TOO LONG, EITHER, OR HE'S BOUND TO FIND US! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON AND HEAD FER THE BORDER!



OUR HORSES WILL NEVER HOLD UP UNDER SUCH A BIG TRIP, GURP! TOO MANY OF THEM NEED SHOEING AND WE CERTAINLY CAN'T STOP AT THE BLACKSMITH'S TO HAVE IT DONE!

NO! BUT WHAT'S TO STOP US FROM BRINGING THE SMITHY OUT HYAR TO DO THE JOB?



LATER... I'LL SHOE THESE HORSES NOW, BUT IF YUH WANT OTHERS SHOD, YUH'LL HAVE TO BRING THEM HYAR! I CAN'T GO TO THE HORSES!

I DIDN'T ASK YUH IF YUH'D DO IT---

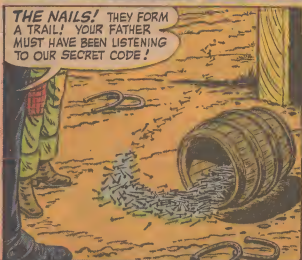
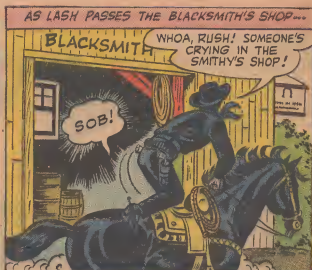
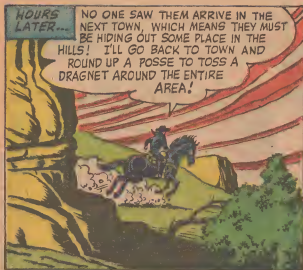


I TOLD YUH YUH'D DO IT!

GET THE THINGS YUH NEED AND LET'S GO, OR I'LL FILL YUH FULL OF LEAD!



I RECKON I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

IT WOULDN'T BE SMART IF WE BOTH WENT, DAVEY! I'LL GO ALONE! MEANWHILE, YOU GO TELL THE CHIEF MARSHAL TO ROUND UP A POSSE AND FOLLOW THE NAIL TRAIL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



YOU'RE OKAY, ASSISTANT! NOW LET'S BOTH GET TO WORK!



SHORTLY AFTER ---

THAT FINISHES THE JOB! ALL THE HORSES ARE SHOD! I'LL TIE THIS HORSE UP WITH THE OTHERS!



I RECKON I CAN GO NOW!

YUH DON'T THINK WE'D BE DUMB ENOUGH TO LET YUH GO SO YUH COULD SEND THE LAW AFTER US? WE'RE GOING TO KILL YUH!



SUDDENLY ---

LARUE! HOW'D YUH FIND THE HIDING PLACE?



ON THE DOUBLE, MEN! IT'S THE LAW!

THANK GOODNESS! YUH NOTICED THE TRAIL OF NAILS!



HURRY! WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL!

YUH BETTER FERGET ME, LASH! I CAN'T RUN FAST! THERE'S NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING KILLED!



I DIDN'T COME ALL THE WAY OUT HYAR TO FORGET ABOUT YOU! DUCK DOWN! MAYBE THEY'LL RUN PAST US!



THERE THEY GO!



SHORTLY AFTER ---



THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP! WE'D BETTER GET OUR HORSES AND GET OUT OF HYAR BEFORE THEY BRING BACK A POSSE!

YOU WAIT HERE! IF I LET THEM ESCAPE, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE TO CATCH UP TO THEM AGAIN!



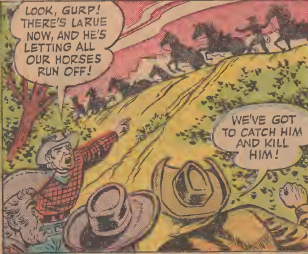
BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THEM?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THEIR HORSES!



LOOK, GURP! THERE'S LARUE NOW, AND HE'S LETTING ALL OUR HORSES RUN OFF!



WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM AND KILL HIM!

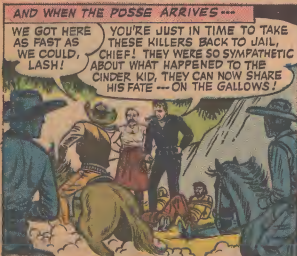
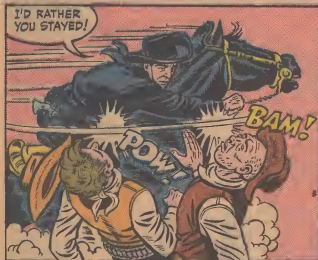
YUH CAN TRY TO CATCH HIM, GURP! I'M LEAVING!



SO AM I!

ME, TOO!

LASH LARUE WESTERN



CAREY AND HARRY

HEY, CAREY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SETTING FIRE TO YORE MATTRESS?

IT'S THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS, HARRY!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE SAID I HAD RHEUMATISM AND PRESCRIBED HOT SPRINGS! I FIGURED IF I BURNED THE MATTRESS IT WOULD MAKE THE SPRINGS HOT!

YUH FOOL! HOT SPRINGS IS A PLACE!

OH! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE!

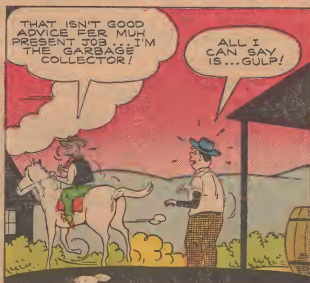
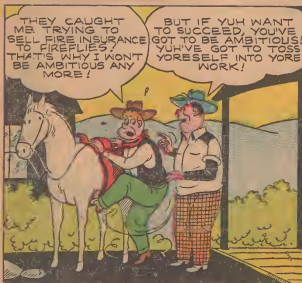
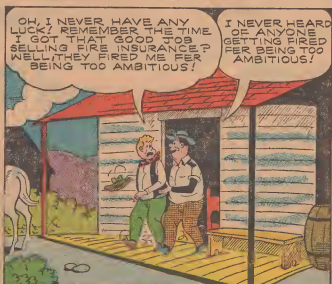
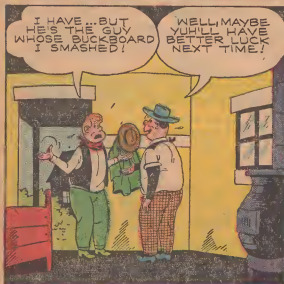
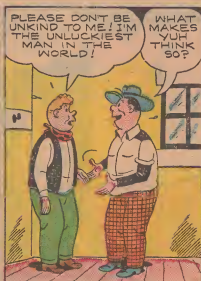
I COULDN'T AFFORD TO GO ANY PLACE AFTER JUST SPENDING MUH MONEY IN THE HOSPITAL!

I MEANT TO ASK YUH...WHAT DID YUH DO TO KILL TIME WHILE YUH WERE ILL?

I BECAME A SPRINTER!

A SPRINTER! WITH YORE RHEUMATISM?

LASH LARUE WESTERN



Here's where I keep my
"TOP SECRET" stuff!



FREE!

Send for your copy of "Tricks with Tape", new booklet full of playtime ideas. Write Dept. FC-11, Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn., enclosing the plaid tab from a roll of "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.



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Transparent as glass
Seals without moistening

10¢ 15¢
25¢ 39¢

Make a TREASURE CHEST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
with **SCOTCH** Cellophane Tape
BRAND



TAKE A CARDBOARD BOX or carton and make a hinged lid for it with "Scotch" Cellophane Tape. Run the tape the length of the lid for maximum strength.



COVER THE BOX with bright wrapping paper or construction paper, taping it in place with cellophane tape. Use different paper for covering lid.



MAKE A LATCH for the lid this way. Put two strips of tape on the box as shown, then put a strip on the lid, doubling over the end to use as a tab.



DECORATE your Treasure Chest with cutouts from magazines—trains, animals, cowboys, dolls. Strips of transparent cellophane/tape will hold 'em in place.

QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- ① ADMIRAL BYRD
DISCOVERED THE
SOUTH POLE.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ④ 1950 MARKS THE
40TH BIRTHDAY OF
THE AMERICAN
LEAGUE.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ② NEPTUNE, PLUTO
AND SIRIUS ARE
MEMBERS OF THE
SOLAR SYSTEM.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ⑤ THE FIRST TENNIS
TOURNAMENT HELD
IN THE U.S. WAS
IN 1876.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ③ TEN PRESIDENTS
WERE PREVIOUSLY
STATE GOVERNORS.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



ANSWERS:

1. FALSE. ROALD AMUNDSEN DID. 2. FALSE. SIRIUS
IS NOT A MEMBER. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.

66

99

Lash LARUE



AND

THE LOST DIAMOND

HELP!
HELP!

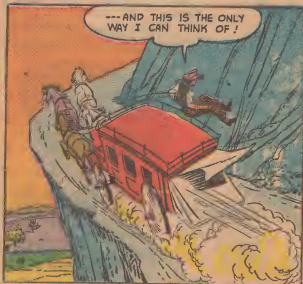
FASTER, RUSH!
SOMEONE IN THAT COACH
IS IN TROUBLE AND FROM
THE WAY THAT DRIVER IS
IGNORING THOSE SCREAMS,
I'D SAY HE HAD SOMETHING
TO DO WITH IT!

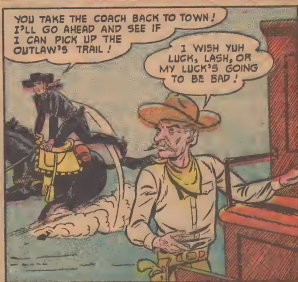
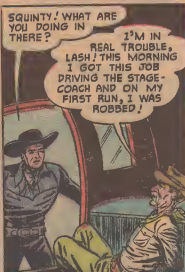


IT'S THAT LAWDOG, LASH LARUE!
I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OFF
MY TRAIL ---

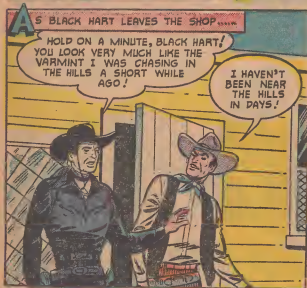
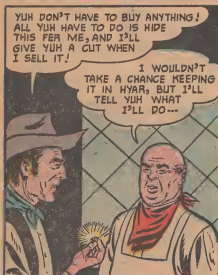
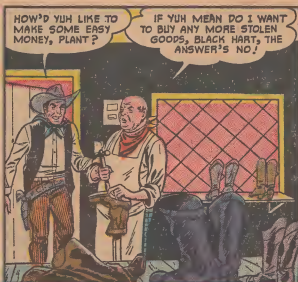
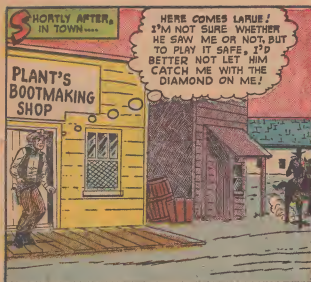


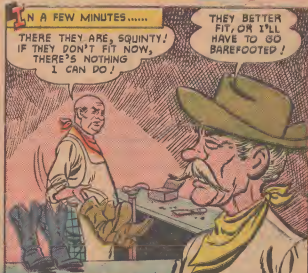
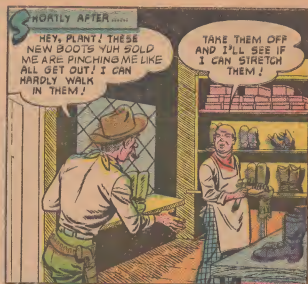
--- AND THIS IS THE ONLY
WAY I CAN THINK OF!

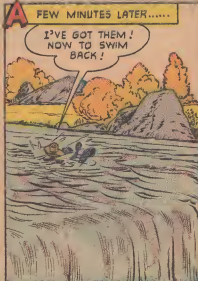
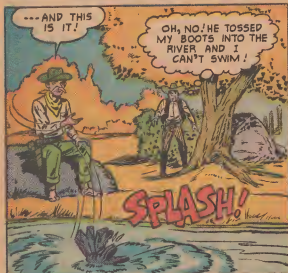
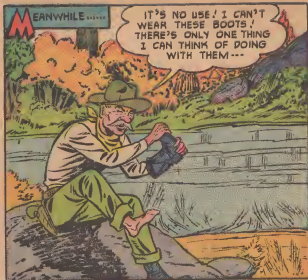


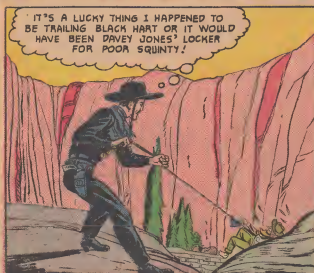
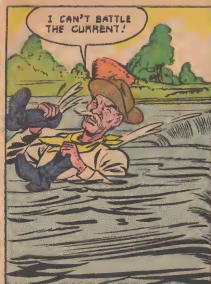


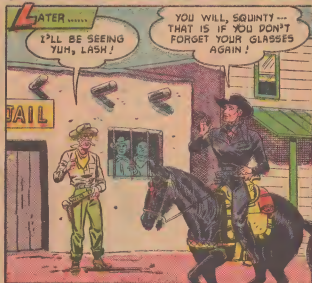
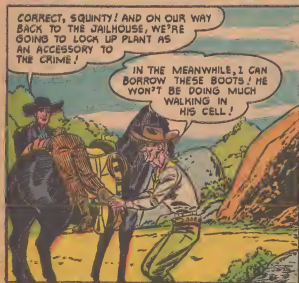
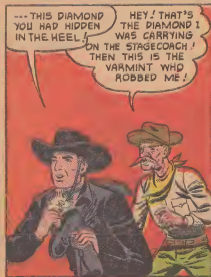
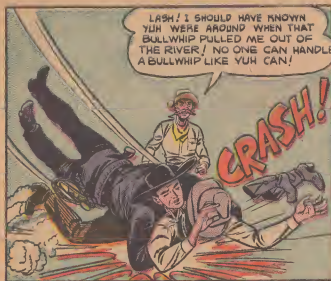
LASH LARUE WESTERN

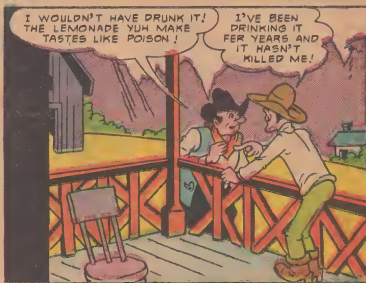
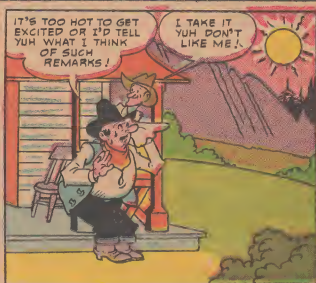
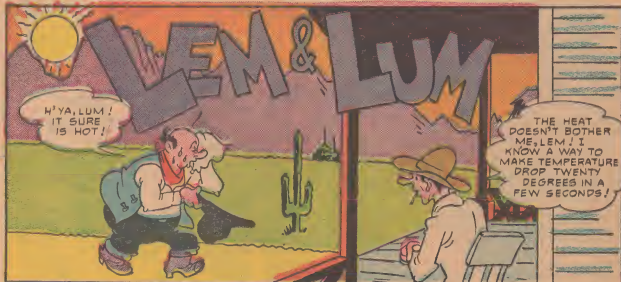




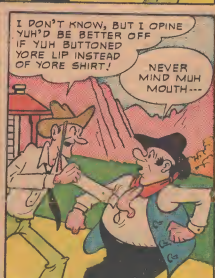
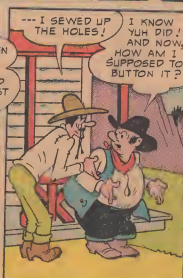
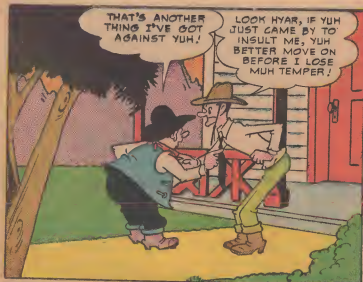


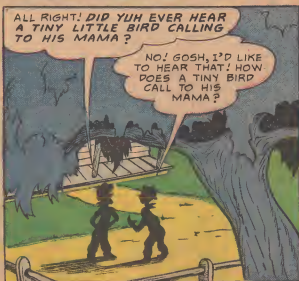
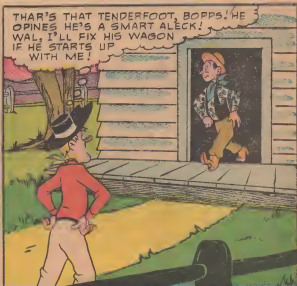






LASH LARUE WESTERN





66

99

Lash LARUE

and The **RACE** for **LIFE!**

WHEN healthy horses suddenly keel over and die, and men, too, suddenly die by mysterious accidents, it's a case for the Marshal's Office, and there's no better marshal than Lash LaRue!



AT THE TULSA CITY CARNIVAL

I'LL BET ANYONE \$500 THAT HIS HORSE CAN'T BEAT MY FILLY, SIDEBURNS, IN A ONE-MILE RACE!

Gus Mack

WHERE CAN I FIND GUS MACK? I'D LIKE TO TAKE HIM UP ON THIS HYAR BET! I'VE NEVER SEEN A HORSE OUTSIDE OF LASH LARUE'S RUSH WHO COULD BEAT MY SUN BONNET

I'M GUS, MISTER! PUT UP THE MONEY AND YU'VE GOT YORESELF A BET!

HYAR IT IS! NOW, WHEN'S THE RACE?

THIS AFTERNOON! MY BOYS WILL PUT YORE STEED IN ONE OF THE STALLS SO HE CAN REST UNTIL THEN!



BUT GUS' BOYS DO MORE THAN JUST PUT THE HORSE IN THE STALL!

TAKE IT EASY WITH THAT STUFF!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT SOME OF THIS KNOCK-OUT POWDER IN THE FEED BAG AND THE BOSS WILL HAVE WON HIMSELF ANOTHER RACE!

WE JUST WANT TO SLOW THE HORSE DOWN, NOT KILL HIM!

MACH STABLES

Later --

BANG!

THEY'RE OFF!

GOOD BOY, SUN BONNET! I KNEW THAT FILLY COULDN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO YUH! WE'LL WIN BY A MILE!

BUT AS THEY NEAR THE FINISHING LINE --

SUN BONNET! THIS IS NO TIME TO SLOW DOWN! THE FINISH LINE IS JUST AHEAD THERE!

I RECKON I WIN AGAIN!

HEY! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY HORSE! HE'S ACTING PECULIAR!

HE'S DEAD! I'M AFRAID THE STRAIN OF THE RACE WAS TOO MUCH FER HIM!

I RECKON TIM WAS RIGHT! I DID PUT TOO MUCH OF THE POWDER IN! BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WE WON THE RACE!

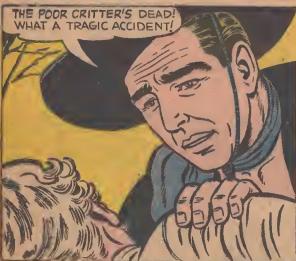
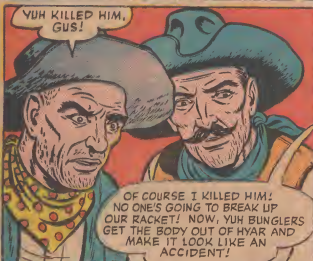
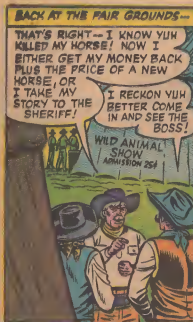
BUT IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE --

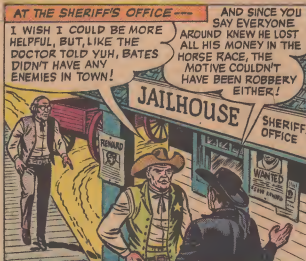
I EXAMINED YORE HORSE, BATES -- AND JUST AS YUH SUSPECTED, HE DIDN'T DIE A NATURAL DEATH! HE WAS GIVEN AN OVER-DOSAGE OF DRUGS WHICH KILLED HIM!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW, DOC! NOW I'VE GOT A VISIT TO PAY!

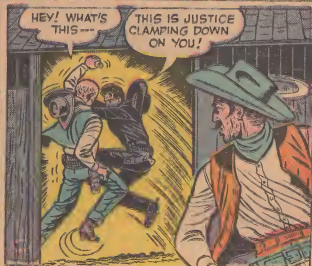
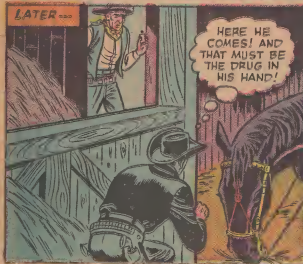
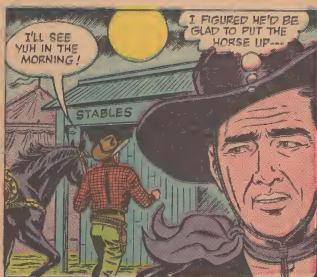
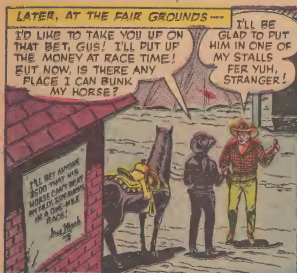
DOCTOR -- CROSSEN

LASH LARUE WESTERN





LASH LARUE WESTERN



I RECKON JUSTICE IS GOING TO HAVE A SORE HEAD!

OOF!



CONK!

IT'S A GOOD THING WE BOTH DIDN'T COME IN AT THE SAME TIME OR HE'D HAVE CAUGHT US BOTH OFF GUARD!



NEVER MIND THAT! PUT THE DRUG IN THE NAG'S FEED BAG!

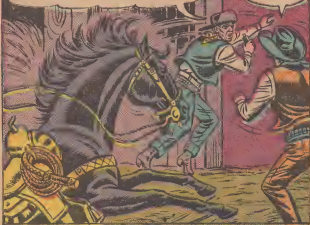
BUT RUSH REALIZES SOMETHING'S WRONG, AND AS THE TWO HENCHMEN CLOSE IN ON HIM...

WATCH OUT! THIS HORSE IS ORNERY!

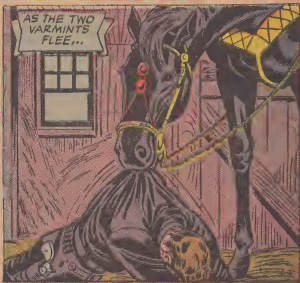


HE'S MORE THAN JUST ORNERY! HE'S PLUMB DANGEROUS! IF GUS WANTS THIS HORSE DOPED, HE'D BETTER DO IT HIMSELF! I'M GETTING OUT OF HYAR!

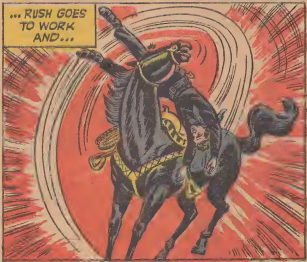
SO AM I!



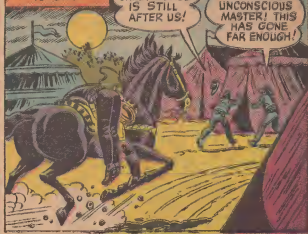
AS THE TWO VARMINTS FLEE...



... RUSH GOES TO WORK AND...



AND THE CHASE IS ON!



LOOK! THAT CRAZY HORSE IS STILL AFTER US!

AND HE'S BROUGHT ALONG HIS UNCONSCIOUS MASTER! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

LASH LARUE WESTERN

I'M GOING TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH THAT LOCO STEED!



BUT---



AND I RECKON I'D BETTER DO THE SAME TO HIS MASTER! HE'S COMING TO!

GOOD WORK, RUSH! YOU MADE SURE THOSE VARMINTS DIDN'T ESCAPE! BUT IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR US UNLESS I WORK FAST!

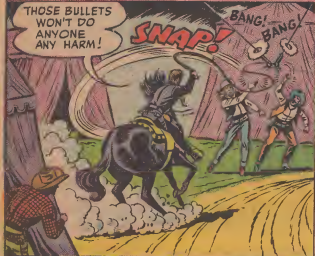


THERE'S NOTHING FASTER THAN LASH'S BULLWHIP!

THOSE BULLETS WON'T DO ANYONE ANY HARM!

SNAP!

BANG! BANG!



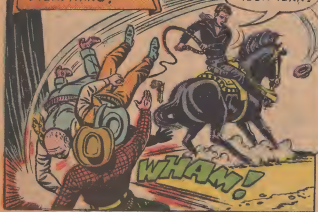
AND NEITHER WILL YOU TWO ANYMORE!

HE'S SO BUSY WITH THOSE TWO, HE DOESN'T SEE ME!



BUT, LIKE ALL WELL-TRAINED MARSHALS, LASH NOTICES EVERYTHING!

I BELIEVE IN DOING ONE THING AT A TIME AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!



WHAM!

Later...

FORTUNATELY, ALL CRIME IS SHORT LIVED, JUST LIKE THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO PRACTICE IT!

IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO CLEAN UP THIS CASE, LASH!



FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE LASH LARUE WESTERN AND IN SIX-GUN HEROES!

HALFWIT HACK "EARLY BIRD"

I ASKED MUH GAL DAISYBELLE TO MEET ME IN FRONT OF THE SHOWHOUSE. I HOPE SHE WON'T BE LATE LIKE SHE USED TO BE OR WE'LL NEVER GET TICKETS.



SHORTLY AFTER.....

HUH? THAR'S DAISYBELLE! SHE'S HYAR ALREADY!



HOWDY, DAISYBELLE, THIS SHORE IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

SURPRISE, HALFWIT?



THAT'S RIGHT! I SEE YO'RE EARLY OF LATE! YUH USED TO BE BEHIND BEFORE, BUT NOW YO'RE FIRST AT LAST!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A **COMIC MAGAZINE!**
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!



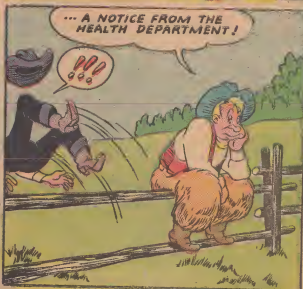
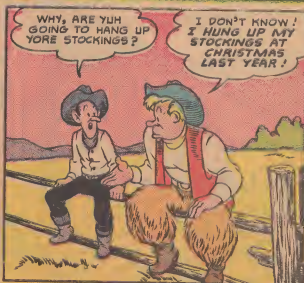
CAPTAIN VIDEO

10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

MOLASSES MOUTH



NOT
UNNOTICED





WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.



LASH LARUE WESTERN

RIDING FOR A FALL

By Al Packer



THEY had once been friends. Born on adjoining ranches, Tim Fry and Case Pearson had buddied together ever since they were no bigger than tumbleweeds. Neither had ever reckoned in those early days of easy laughter that their relations would come to their current state—a state in which there were no words, but merely stony silence and averted eyes.

The falling out had begun innocently enough, born of the natural desire of one youth to outshine the other. Both, even as youngsters, had been expert waddies with no visible edge in skill for either. That is, except in one department. Case had always been a better all around rider than Tim. Yes, Tim could shoot and rope with the best, but even he granted that Case was the more expert horseman.

He had not begrudged Case this. Indeed, when they had been friends Tim had thrilled to see how easily Case could tame even the most ornery bronc. But he didn't any longer. Not since the day Case had humiliated him before the other wranglers.

The gray mustang had been mean. Tim sensed that even before he mounted. He had no real hope of breaking him, but he did think that at least he might soften him up for Case. Well, he had not even done that. It took no more than two or three contortions of the mustang's back to fling him to the ground.

Case had tried next. Tried was not really the word, for no sooner had he slung his leg up than the mustang seemed to sense his master. The steed had, of course, tried to throw Case, but even the animal knew the struggle futile and quickly abandoned it.

Tim could still see Case leaping from the back of the broken horse, and then swaggering to the corral rail where the ranch hands were

grouped. How many times had Tim gone over in his mind the words that accompanied the swagger!

"Reckon you'd better stick to bunkhouse chores, Tim," Case had boasted. "Takes a man to break a bronc."

Tim hadn't answered. In fact, he had never answered Case again, although an immediate apology had been forthcoming for the taunt. Case had not allowed the friendship to die easily. For months he had protested to Tim that his boast had been good-humored, and rendered in the flush of victory. But the wound had been too deep, and Tim never replied. Eventually Case had stopped trying, and so they had come to their present state of animosity.

But this rodeo would give Tim an opportunity for revenge. In the years that followed the birth of the feud he had deliberately ridden trails where his path would not cross Case's. He had sought out the best riders and meanest horses he could find and had learned well from both. Now he felt qualified and had returned to humiliate his rival.

Case, of course, was defending champion of the region, but he wouldn't be champion long Tim vowed. Defeating him would prove even sweeter than the snub he had been able to give him the night before. Case had spotted Tim's name on the entry list, and advanced with his well remembered grin and an outstretched hand.

"Howdy, Tim," he had said. "Sure glad you returned to these parts. I hope you've forgotten what a conceited little sprout I was before you left. I never meant any real harm—just a case of getting too big for my britches."

Tim had surveyed him in cold silence, then

abruptly walked away. For a moment he had been tempted to shake hands, but the roots of revenge were planted too deeply in him. He'd never forgive! Well, maybe he would. But not until he had supplanted Case as top rider in this neck of the woods. There'd be laughs again, but this time not on Tim.

"Tim," Case pleaded, "I said I was sorry."

"Not as sorry as you're going to be, Mister, after tomorrow when I show you how to really break horses."

Tim's reveries snapped as he heard his name being bawled by the announcer, and obediently he headed toward the enclosure where the broncs were kept. Expertly he surveyed the horse he was to ride. Eyes blindfolded, it quivered with the impotent rage of a wild thing unable to strike back. Tim trembled with excitement, but confident in the knowledge that he had mastered tougher cayuses than this one, he sprang into the saddle.

In a moment the stall gates were opened, and Tim and the horse were struggling in the arena proper. The cayuse bucked furiously, employing every trick that instinct taught it to dislodge its hated burden. But it had no chance. Tim's estimate of his own skill had been founded on fact. No maneuver—no trick that this horse knew could unseat him. Let it storm wildly as it might, he knew he was master.

He sensed the resistance of the stallion abating somewhat. Oh, it would be some minutes yet before it was completely conquered, but the end was in sight. There was just one thing more he needed to make his revenge complete. Tim just *had* to see how Case was reacting to this display of horsemanship. Deftly timing the bounds of the bronc, he turned his head and sneaked a look toward the riders' enclosure.

Suddenly, he was flat on his back, gazing up at the sky.

As his head cleared, he realized his carelessness had caused him to be thrown. Tears of rage filled his eyes and escape dominated his every thought. He had to get out of here

before Case had a chance to gloat. Frantically, he sought to stand, but his left leg would not support him, and he toppled to the dirt again.

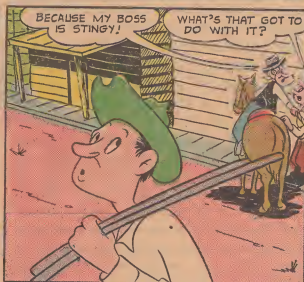
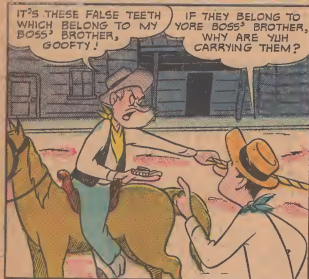
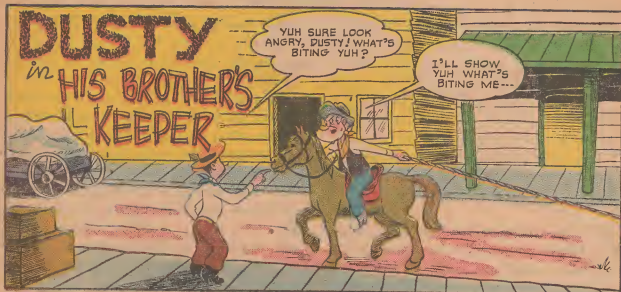
He fainted then and did not revive until he was bedded at the county hospital with a broken ankle. He groaned in anger as he saw how miserably his plot for revenge had failed. And all because he couldn't resist sneaking a look to see how Case was taking his moment of triumph. Case! He squirmed at the thought. Even now, he was probably being presented with the trophy emblematic of the championship. Minutes more and that big side of beef would be speeding here to offer false condolences—perhaps even to offer free lessons in the proper breaking of horses. History had repeated itself, and once more the ashes of defeat were bitter in Tim's throat.

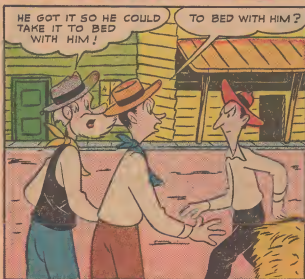
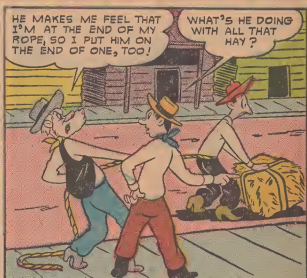
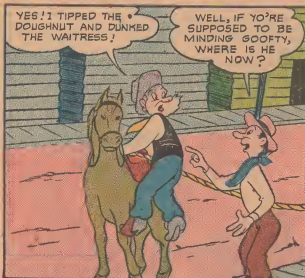
His hunch had been right. That was Case grinning in the doorway. Well, Tim would take it like a man. He'd take his riding—he deserved it. Yes, he's even shake the big hand that was being extended to him. He had failed, and he'd admit it. Let Case gloat, for he was truly the better man. It was only as he reached up to shake the proffered hand that he noticed Case had extended his left one, and that a sling supported his right. What had happened?

"TIM," Case said. "Just thought you might feel better if I told you the nag that threw you tossed me, too. Broke my arm in the bargain. Guess I'm not as good a rider as I thought I was."

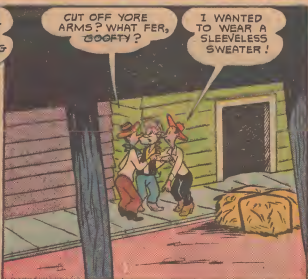
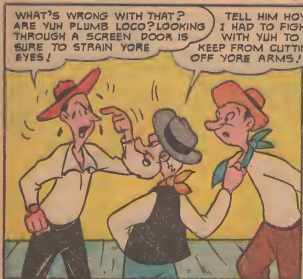
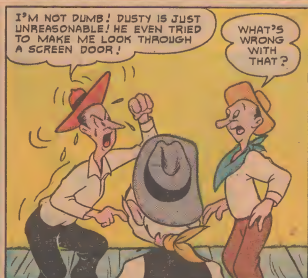
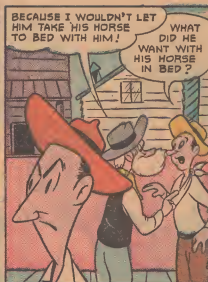
Soon they were laughing, recalling old times, and planning better new ones. The old friendship had been restored. The knowledge that even the mighty Case could take a tumble made Tim extremely happy. Yet, Case was even *happier*, for he knew what he had done was worth the sacrifice. Who had to know that he had deliberately let Tim's horse throw him? And what was a little old broken arm compared to a broken friendship?

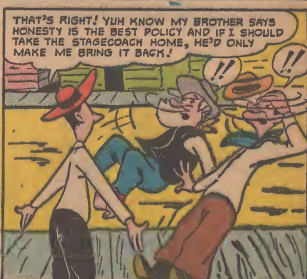
THE END





LASH LARUE WESTERN





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Lash LARUE

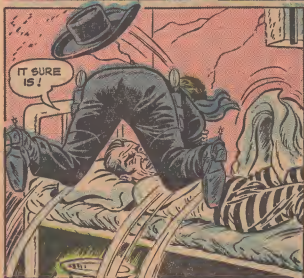
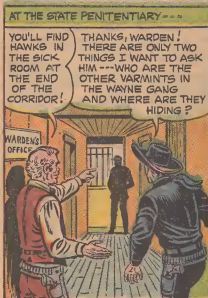
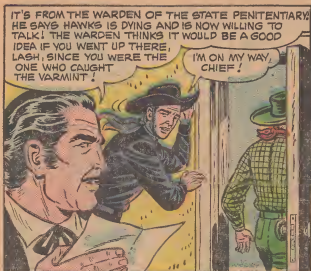
and

THE PATH OF DOOM!

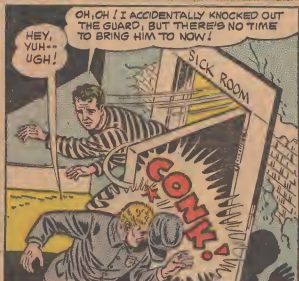
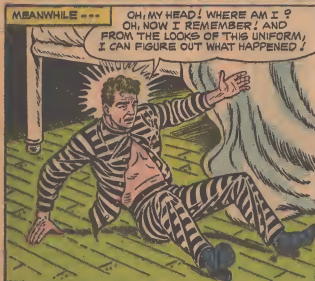
WHAT'S THE GREAT
ROWDY MARSHAL LASH
DOING IN JAIL?
IF IT'S A MISTAKE?
LARUE
TRYING TO ESCAPE?
THERE ARE BUT A FEW
OF THE ODD INCIDENTS
THAT NEED STRAIGHTENING
OUT IN THE PATH OF
DOOM!

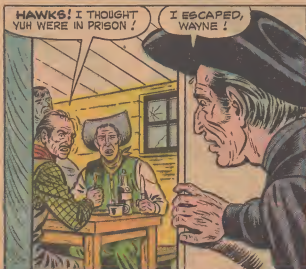
DON'T SHOOT! I TELL
YOU, IT'S ALL A MISTAKE!
I'M LASH LARUE!

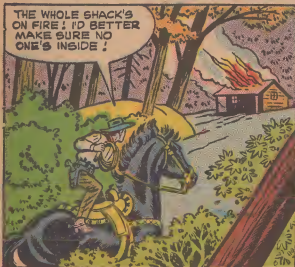
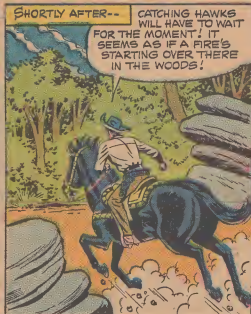
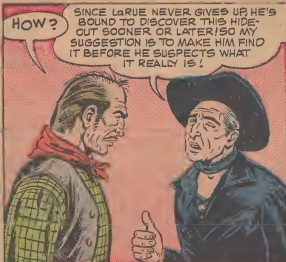


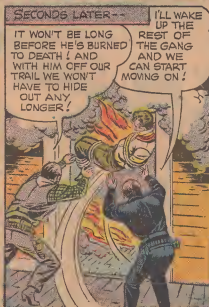
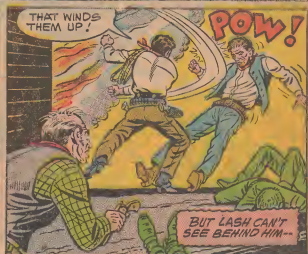
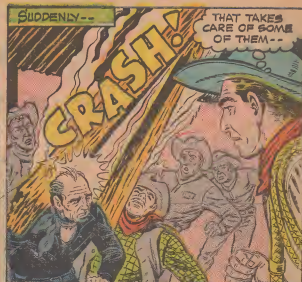
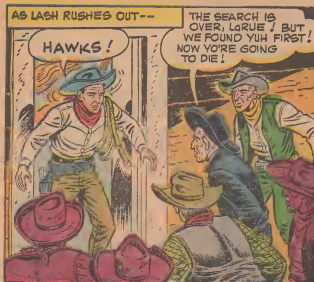


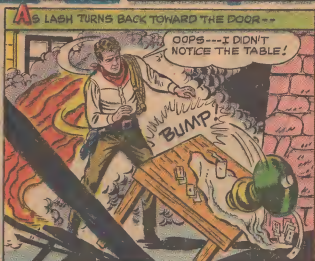
LASH LARUE WESTERN





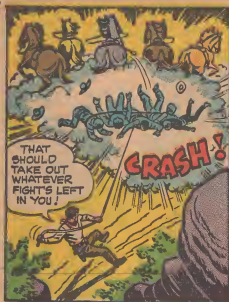








LASH LARUE WESTERN



THAT SHOULD TAKE OUT WHATEVER FIGHT'S LEFT IN YOU!

CRASH!



AND IN CASE ANY OF YOU STILL FEELS CHIPPER ENOUGH TO TRY TO RUN AWAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO ANSWER MY SIX-GUNS!



WE SURRENDER! BUT ONE THING YUH GOT TO TELL ME! HOW'D YUH ESCAPE FROM THE FIRE?

THERE WAS A TRAP DOOR IN THE SHACK!



I NEVER SAW ANY TRAP DOOR!

OUTLAWS NEVER SEE ANYTHING CLEARLY---OR THEY WOULDN'T BE OUTLAWS!



LATER---
YUH NOT ONLY BROUGHT HAWKS BACK, BUT THE ENTIRE WAYNE GANG! NO WONDER THEY CALL YUH THE BEST ROVING MARSHAL IN THE WEST!

I JUST TRY TO DO MY BEST AT ALL TIMES, WARDEN! SO LONG, NOW I'LL BE SEEING YOU! NOW LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH! THERE MAY BE ANOTHER ADVENTURE WAITING FOR US!



LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in **KING OF THE BULLWHIP!** Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LaRUE is currently playing at your local movie house in:

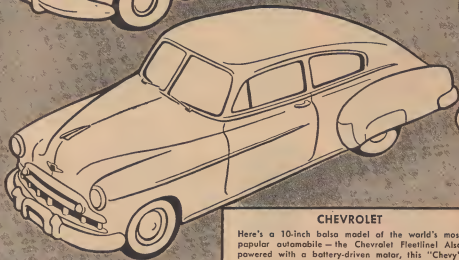
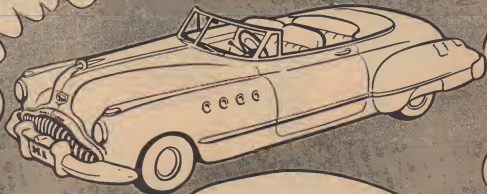
- ★ OUTLAW COUNTRY
- ★ SON OF BILLY THE KID
- ★ DEAD MAN'S GOLD
- ★ MARK OF THE LASH
- ★ FRONTIER REVENGE
- ★ SON OF A BAD MAN

Ask your theatre manager when he will show the next LASH LaRUE picture!

HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

GET YOUR PRIZE



HEY FELLOW!
GET DAISY'S
BIG COWBOY
CARBINE AND
GET IN ON
THE FUN!

DAISY'S RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE



Looks, feels,
handles like a
Western Saddle
Gun. A fast shooting
1000 shot Air Rifle.
Sell one order plus \$2.00.



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EASY-TO-USE
CAMERA
TAKES CLEAR
SHARP
PICTURES

DICK TRACY CAMERA



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carrying case. Sell only one
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BINOCULARS
ARE JUST
RIGHT FOR
SPORTS, HIKES
AND NATURE
STUDY.

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3-POWER BINOCULARS
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shoulder strap. Sell one or-
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IS A MIGHTY
FINE MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT

GENE AUTRY GUITAR



Full size
Guitar
with delightful,
mellow tone.
Has Gene Autry's
signature. Sell
one order plus \$5.00.



BEAUTIFUL DOLLS

Your choice of Bride or Brides-
maid Doll. Mobile eyes.
Sell one order of Seeds.



HOLLYWOOD ELECTRIC TOY TELEVISION SET

Films of
Gene Autry,
Hopalong
Cassidy and
Woody
Woodpecker.
Included with each set.
Sell one order plus \$5.00.



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Gold cap pistol
puffs, smoke. All
feather holster
and belt. Sell one
order.



Pretty Dresser Set, Five full size pieces. Sell one order of Seeds.



Professional Target Shooting Set

Made by Ben
Pearson for boys
and girls, includes lemonwood
bow, arm guard, instructions.
Sell one order of Seeds.



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Comes packed in
beautiful gloss
lipper. A dainty
guaranteed
watch for
girls.
Sell one order plus \$3.00.



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A real
Softball set.
Cap, Softball
and bat. Sell
only
one order of American Seeds.



INGRAHAM GUAR- ANTEED POCKET WATCH

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Boys, with Good
luck Cowboy Feb.
Seeds.
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